

NOW THEN.

DAVE KINSEY. GEORGE MONBIOT. SIX ORGANS OF ADMITTANCE.
A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. ISSUE 35. FREE.



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NOW THEN IS A FREE MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PEOPLE IN SHEFFIELD.

We aim to cultivate choice, voice and responsibility by providing a platform for independent art, trade, music, writing and local news. We support Sheffield's economy by only working with independent traders, community groups, charities and local government.

Almost all articles published in this magazine are written by members of the community, not professionals. If you don't like what you read or have something that needs to be said, get in touch. Your opinions make Now Then what it is.

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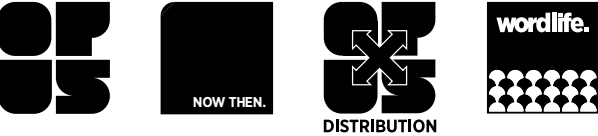
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Enjoy the read.

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EDITORIAL.

We are thrilled to have had the chance to speak to investigative journalist George Monbiot this month, ahead of his debate at the Showroom in March. There was so much insightful comment on such a variety of topics that we had to split the piece in half, so don't miss part two in NT#36. The man talks sense.

After a short break, we welcome the No Quarter 'news' page back. It's all true, believe me.

This issue is filled with the art of Dave Kinsey. Stylish, raw and vivid, his graf-inspired fine art has won him international recognition, as well as features for Juxtapoz, Digital Temple and many others. A real honour and a real artist.

Head down to our February launch party on Sunday 13th February at the Forum.

SAM.

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LOCALCHECK.

OUR WONDERFUL DEFENCE INDUSTRY.

HOSTED BY ALT-SHEFF.

IF THERE WAS A BIG SCAM DISCOVERED TO BE KILLING PEOPLE, LURING YOUNGSTERS INTO A LIFE OF VIOLENCE, SUCKING UP TAXPAYERS' MONEY AND CORRUPTING AT THE HIGHEST LEVELS, YOU WOULD EXPECT A PROTEST. BUT IF IT WAS BIG ENOUGH, OLDER THAN THE MAFIA, AND BASED ON LIES BOUND INTO THE FABRIC OF THE ESTABLISHMENT, IT COULD GO ALMOST UNMENTIONED.

When the Queen visited South Yorkshire late last year, she went to see the Advanced Manufacturing Research Centre near Rotherham, home to Castings Technology International (CTI), greasing its palms in the 'global supply chain' for parts for things like unmanned 'drone' weapons, which kill ten innocents for every suspected militant (according to US policy organisation The Brookings Institution). Other partners in this joint venture include such dirty arms dealers as BAE Systems, investigated for corruption over several years. Tony Blair's government halted one part of the trial. The company plea-bargained for a lesser charges of lying and false accounting, and was fined several hundred thousand pounds. More surprising is Prince Andrew's criticism of "those fucking journalists...who poke their noses everywhere" and of British anti-corruption investigators looking into a BAE-Saudi arms deal. Why should he be so bothered? Wikileaks provides a clue – he criticised the "stupid" UK and US governments for thinking in only ten-year terms. Clearly there are higher circles, where longer-term strategies apply. So that's why a supply of healthy young people from our working class estates is pimped by army recruitment to stand on the next frontline, in the interests of our great nation. Don't get me wrong, joining the army may be called brave - or it may be called other things, like desperate - but what I'm talking about here is the arms-pushing, agent provocateur role; starting wars in the interests of UK/US elites' wealth and power.

Or should I say in the interests of the decaying US Empire? We hear about Iraq and Afghanistan, but the USA has interfered over 100 times in other countries since World War II alone. Sending its forces to the "hungriest parts of the world... they militarise these societies", says multi-award winning journalist Allan Nairn. Sometimes there is no underlying logic except to continue war and Britain tags along, like the playground drug pusher's sidekick, selling stabby sticks to the little kids so they can be in 'our gang', then waiting for the fighting to start. Or secretly starting it. Often we arm both sides. This is happening now, with aid to Pakistan known to be channelled into the war against 'our' side in Afghanistan. Trade delegations and anti-poverty aid has channelled money back into UK arms dealers' pockets, as if there was simply no moral question. It goes right back to our colonial, war-infested history.

When I first came to live here, there was a Sheffield Peace Shop, a visible sign of the long tradition of fighting the injustices of war. It's long gone, but campaigning is not. It succeeds. Like the Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp in Berkshire, this ran for nearly 20 years, inspiring many others. After years of insisting we needed nuclear weapons on UK soil, the government did a U-turn.

In Sheffield, groups such as Women in Black, Stop the War Coalition, CAAT (Campaign against the Arms Trade) and CND (Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament) have long been active. You won't hear of their activities in the local press because it's simply not 'news', but get out to a meeting and you'll find a lot going on. Links to all these groups can be found on the Alt-Sheff website.

"Civil disobedience has overturned many laws which are legally not morally right. I will continue to do everything I can, legal or illegal, to right this appalling wrong" said Barbara Dowling, fined recently with a friend for blockading Faslane at 'Her Majesty's Naval Base Clyde'. They walked out of court and promptly spray-painted on the wall a huge declaration that the court does not uphold international justice. Brave actions - non-violence is not a cop-out. Remember this article the next time you read about our wonderful defence industry.

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GUARDIAN.CO.UK/WORLD/BAE
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COUNCIL AXE.

AXED.

Next month, Sheffield Council will join the slash and burn revolution. This revolution began with our leaders Dave and Nick, but even Ed is a cutmonger at heart. In their comfortable suits and padded lives, they haven't got a clue.

You could call them ignorant, or products of their class, or a bit full of themselves, or misguided. I'll take a middle line and call them fascists. Now you might think that's a little harsh, what with the lack of gas chambers and stormtroopers beating people up on the corner, but fascists believe in the survival of the fittest; a chosen race that needs room to expand with a philosophy of 'might is right'.

Our current leaders have cut help for the sick and disabled while giving tax breaks to the rich and powerful. They offer a life of servitude or unemployment, except for a chosen elite. They price poor families out of nice neighbourhoods, giving rich people room to expand. They are imposing an economic policy of shock and awe on a people who never voted for it; their might is right. As I said - fascists.

There is a famous statement by Pastor Martin Niemoller about how the Nazis succeeded, about how they could be defeated. I'll paraphrase it here.

"First they came for knowledge, and I didn't speak up because I didn't know any better. Then they came for the giving, and I didn't speak up because I had no time or money to give."

The City Council is planning to turn libraries over to volunteers in the next four years. Thirty-three librarians will go this year, more the next. Museums will open on weekends and holidays only, and attractions like the National Coal Mining Museum might go entirely. Knowledge will be rationed. Dave and Nick want the Big Society to step in, but the cuts will hit the voluntary and community sector hardest. Funding and support will be cut across Sheffield, from park rangers to youth workers, from luncheon clubs to festivals. There will be no society left, let alone a big one.

"Then they came for the sick and infirm, and I didn't speak up because I was not sick or infirm. Then they came for the children, and I didn't speak up because I had no child."

Dave and Nick are scrapping or cutting every benefit received by people who are disabled. Just in case that doesn't do the job, the Council will also make the disabled pay more, take away access officers and cut care provision. Dave and Nick slashed funding for the care of children, so now the Council is looking at cutting 25 child social workers and decimating childcare in the city. As everyone knows, you can leave a child in an abusive mess of a home with no support or way out and they stay confident and happy. That or they torture your pets and jack your car.

"Then they came for me, and by that time there was no-one left to speak up."

On a plus side, the government is not about to start filling mass graves. They are just sacking thousands of public servants, from the police to citizen's advisers to care workers to nurses. Our neighbours will not cower as gloved hands hammer at our doors, yet people will be damaged and some will die - from the sick and infirm, to those under stress, to those who will suffer lives blighted by a lack of resources and a lack of hope. And it will affect you - it will affect everyone.

Maybe Nick and Dave (and Ed) are just ignorant, or products of their class, or a bit full of themselves, or misguided. Whatever. The only way of stopping this de-civilisation of our society is to push back. If that burden feels too heavy, then remember you are not alone. Each bit of pressure - each letter, each penny donated, each step - we take together. They will not cut up our city if we take their own axe and swing it against them, against their charade of a Big Society. Against Cameron and Clegg, maybe even Ed. It's time they listened to the voices of those they say they serve, or be axed.

Libraries & Museums

Library Workers for a Better Future - lwfabf.tumblr.com
Rescue map of museum cuts - rescue-archaeology.org.uk/map2/

Voluntary sector

How to challenge cuts - navca.org.uk/news/cutchallenge.htm

Disabled benefits

Mental Health Action Group Sheffield - mhagsheffield.org.uk
Disabled network active in Sheffield - thebrokenofbritain.blogspot.com

Children's services

Search "South Yorkshire Schools Against Cuts" on Facebook.
Sheffield University Occupation - sheffieldoccupation.tumblr.com

You...

Sheffield Anti-Cuts Alliance - sheffieldanticuts.wordpress.com
National anti-cuts organisations - coalitionofresistance.org.uk, ukuncut.org.uk
Alternatives - falseeconomy.org.uk, sheffieldgreenparty.org.uk

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FARGATE.

CAN A CORNER REALLY MOVE?

ANDREW WOOD.

The woman was middle-aged and smartly dressed, with well-kempt grey hair and an efficient air. It was a bitterly cold day in the run-up to Christmas, and she was using an HSBC cash machine at Cole's Corner. From my vantage point at a bus-stop, where I waited in vain for transportation, I saw another woman, altogether more shambolic, bustle up to her and explain busily that the other cash machine wasn't letting her at her money, so could she use this one instead.

"Well, yes, as soon as I've done with it."

"But it's very urgent, as I've someone waiting for me and blah-blah-blah..."

"If you'll just give me a few minutes I'll be done."

"Oh come on! What happened to common decency and looking out for each other?"

Smart Woman huffed, pressed cancel, ripped her card out of the machine and lost her rag. "Anything for a quiet life!" she shouted, just as a man in his mid-thirties interrupted them. "Excuse me, you may think that I am strangely dressed, but...." he began.

"That's the least of my worries now," Shambolic Woman retorted. "That woman..."

"Do you have a quarrel with this lady?"

"I just think people should be more helpful to each other, that's all."

"Well, in that case, ladies, you can both help me in my quest. My name is Maltravers. I am on a pilgrimage to the Great Grey Temple, where I may find the key to salvation. I have travelled far, and bravely, on my journey. Nothing is as I expected. I travelled where the Five Weirs Walk, though there were many more than that. I looked for the Street of Wicker, but it had been layered over with tarmacadam. I crossed the Lady's Bridge, but saw no lady. I ascended Castle Gate, but found no castle. Now I have reached what my Intrepid Modern Pilgrim's Guide says is Cole's Corner, but that man over there, in the red box smaller than himself, told me it had moved. Can a corner really move? Anyway, I feel I am within reach of my destination, but my greatest challenge is yet to come."

"What are you on about?" demanded Shambolic Woman.

"I think he's asking for directions," said Smart Woman flatly.

"Indeed!" replied Maltravers. "In the Great Grey Temple, one must pass through a wall of hot air and into a vast chamber, wherein everyone is calm and happy and the secrets of future success can be found. But first of all, tell me this; why are there two branches of the same bank on opposite sides of this street?"

"Something to do with economies of scale, efficiency savings, that sort of thing," said Shambolic Woman.

"It's to save people having to cross the tram tracks," said Smart Woman, "like having two Marks & Spencer's either side of the motorway."

Their sarcasm was lost on Maltravers, but their anger at each other was subsiding. "How odd," mused Maltravers. "It is surely a ploy to disorientate me in these final hours of my quest. But I am not fooled by Spanish moneylenders."

"Right, well we're all busy people, and I've never heard of this Great Grey Temple, so spit it out. Where are you trying to get to?" Shambolic Woman's patience, if she ever had any, was running out.

"Allow me to read from my guidebook..."On reaching Cole's Corner you must pass along a street of many dangerous and cunning obstacles and false temptations. It is an ancient street with many layers of history and lore, and it has magical powers. Many pilgrims have fallen here, almost in sight of the Temple. There are post boxes that spring from nowhere, cafes masquerading as banks, banks masquerading as cafes, and pancake stalls that smell of instant gratification. You must pass unscathed through the Magnetic Fields of a Thousand Phone Shops, while always being alert in case the Lone Purveyor of Eternal Damnation strikes you with his placard. Then, you must negotiate the Slalom of Charity Fundraisers, who hunt in packs and charm you to a standstill with cheerful conversation and rehearsed sincerity before plunging you head first into a quagmire of guilt. Beyond them used to stand the Big Hamster Wheel, but this was recently conquered and the Big Hamster was rendered down to make sausages for the Continental Market. But beware! There are rumours that where the Hamster Wheel stood there is now a huge green cone, emblazoned with the words 'Satan's Grotto'. We have no reports of what lies inside. Finally, you must cross what looks at first like a normal street, but is in fact a testing track for the high-speed cornering abilities of modern buses."

"Well, that's easy enough," said Smart Woman. "Straight up Fargate here. Keep your eyes down, walk as quickly as you can and don't sign anything. Cross the road at the top. You're looking for a building with the words 'John Lewis' on the front."

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GEORGE MONBIOT.

NEVER ONE TO SHY AWAY FROM A THORNY ISSUE.

INTERVIEW BY SARA HILL.

George Monbiot is an award-winning investigative journalist with a regular column in the Guardian, has published several books and a screenplay to boot. His writing spans topics such as the environment, political corruption, corporate misdeeds and the ideologies behind current economic thinking. Perhaps his most insightful work describes the complex webs connecting these concepts.

A tireless campaigner, advocate for human rights and never one to shy away from a thorny issue or controversial argument, we were happy to catch up with him ahead of his upcoming debate tour.



What made you decide to become a journalist?

I'm not really sure to be honest! When I was at university the only job I wanted was working for the Natural History Unit at the BBC, so I just pestered them for about a year and a half. Finally they said, and I quote: "you're so fucking persistent that we'll give you the job." I started out as a radio producer. It wasn't so much the idea of journalism, but it was doing something relevant to the environment, because what I always wanted to do was make investigative environmental programmes.

I was very lucky in the timing, because it was just before Thatcher launched her coup against the BBC. I had a window of a couple of years when I could look at pretty well anything I wanted and it was a wonderful time. We made some powerful investigative programmes which actually changed things. Some of them made very big news stories, embarrassed governments and changed policy and I thought "wow, this is fantastic, this is what I want to do for the rest of my life." Then things went really badly for the BBC - Thatcher sacked the Director-General Alasdair Milne, replaced him with an accountant and made it clear that the age of rocking the boat was over. Everyone lost their nerve and the message was passed down from on high that you weren't to do difficult and challenging stuff anymore. My boss called me up one morning and just said "end of show, it's over", which was hard to take, but it showed me that I didn't want to work for the BBC unless I could do what I wanted.

Is that why you decided to go freelance?

Yes, exactly. At the time I had a story I was working on about West Papua and the transmigration programme. The Indonesian government under Jakarta, this terrible dictatorship, was moving millions of people from the inner islands of Indonesia to the outer islands. Ostensibly, this was to relieve population pressure, but in reality it was to colonise and conquer the outlying lands, which were independent indigenous territories. The human rights abuses associated with it were truly awful as well as the devastating environmental destruction, and it seemed to me to be the biggest untold story in the world at that time.

So when I couldn't investigate this for the BBC, I decided to do it anyway. I convinced some publishers to let me write an investigative travel book with a political purpose to bring it to public attention. To everyone's surprise, including my own, that went very well and became my first book, Poisoned Arrows. After that I made a resolution from then on that I would never have a boss again. I have an editor of course, but I'm a freelancer and hopefully I'll never have to take another 'proper job' again. The world of formal employment just does not suit me. I think it doesn't suit a lot of people and I am very lucky to have had the choice.

Speaking of your travels - you've experienced some very extreme situations around the globe. Can you give us one example that has particularly shaped your current viewpoint?

I suppose my real adult education experience was in Brazil. There were very strong citizens movements' trying to fight back against what was happening, which was very different to some of the other countries I worked in, and there were some outrageous examples of injustice against them. I accidentally got caught up in a land dispute. I was beaten up by hired gunmen, and then the military police tried to finish me off. That was the point at which I realised this was a political struggle which I could never abandon and I brought home the perspective of the rural workers I'd been working with, who had been trying to resist the seizure of their lands. I realised that so much of what we're looking at is disputes over basic resources, as there are governments, corporations and powerful owners trying to gain complete control over those resources. That perspective can explain a lot of what goes on around the world.

It was a very formative experience for me, becoming so physically involved that I almost became another of the victims of this murderous campaign on the part of the big landowners, backed by the government and military in Brazil. This was under the [José] Sarney government, when Brazil was just emerging from a dictatorship but hadn't really gone all the way and was still grasping at what a democratic government is about. After becoming so involved, I realised that this was my struggle too, that I was part of the campaign. In fact, what happened to me significantly changed the outcome, because you could kill peasants in Brazil with impunity at the time, but not British journalists. Some local papers misreported my death at the hands of the police, which caused a scandal large enough to force the government to intervene in that particular land dispute on behalf of the peasants. Of course, that was only one dispute, but it was still a lucky break.

Do you feel the independent media and the corporate media are at odds with each other?

I think the corporate media is as much a part of the problem as any other corporate sector, perhaps a bigger part in that it greatly limits the scope of political discussion and gives people a very misleading account of the world. It limits the scope of democracy by deliberately misinforming people, because it wants them to believe that what's good for billionaires is good for everybody, whereas in fact what's good for billionaires tends to be the opposite of what's good for everyone else.

Is the move towards single-source subscription news pioneered by the likes of Rupert Murdoch cause for concern, then?

Yes, I feel that what he's trying to do is get people behind his 'pay wall' and then keep them there. I imagine his thinking is that if people have taken the step of paying for his online services then they're going to make the fullest possible use of them because they don't want to waste their money. So he wants to get his claws into them and make sure that those people can't escape again, or are less likely to do so. It's just another corporate strategy, which may or may not work, to monopolise people's sources of information. There are so few outlets now which are truly independent, so I'm really glad to hear about Now Then. The local press isn't really independent, with very few exceptions; the national press isn't independent, with even fewer exceptions; so you have to look far and wide to find objective sources of information, let alone an objective ranking of the importance of information. One of the biggest problems we have with the media is the massive over concentration on certain forms of news, which aren't that important, and a great neglect of much more important stories.

Are Rupert Murdoch's close ties to politicians and private meetings with world leaders more or less of a concern than his control of so much information?

I don't think the two can be separated; it's all part of a system of media lobbying whose purpose is to ensure that governments work for big business and rich people rather than working for everyone. The two-pronged attack, which you correctly identify as Murdoch's strategy, is a very effective one. They're terrified of him. I remember when Blair effectively asked his permission to govern. He went off to Australia before the 1997 election and greased up to Murdoch in the most obvious and revolting way. He basically said, "I'm Labour, but I'm not like the others - I'm really a Conservative. Will you allow me to form a government?" Murdoch is the king maker. He seems to count for much more than the electorate does and it's a very, very frightening situation that no government seems to be prepared to counteract. If he's the person who decides whether they stand or fall, the last person any government wants to upset is Rupert Murdoch.

Why do you think there has been so little media coverage of the documents released by Gisha pertaining to Israel's policy of the deliberate reduction of basic goods in Gaza?

A very good question and a shocking story. Putting Gaza on a diet contravenes a whole host of international laws including the Geneva Conventions and it's the outright denial of the most basic human rights. It's not being covered because of an extremely powerful Israel lobby which doesn't want stories like that to be published. I say the Israel lobby specifically as it's not necessarily the Jewish lobby by any means - a lot of the Israel lobby is comprised of right-wing Christians in the United States. They have a number of motives, partly that Israel is a bulwark in the Middle East - the belief that it acts as an effective means of disciplining the rest of the region, ensuring that there's no coherent response to Western strategy there. It's a place in which Western policy is implemented on behalf of those who pay for that policy, and if course (particularly from the US) that's in its enormous amount of military funding of Israel and other aid programmes. It is no accident - it is because they want Israel to act as their policemen in the Middle East.

It's also that there are a whole series of completely wacky beliefs held by some of these right-wing Christians in the United States, and these are people with serious political clout, who believe, or claim to, that they need to bring about an Apocalypse on Earth and for that to happen Israel has to engage in war with its neighbours and Armageddon has to be enacted. There are all sorts of weird things going on so that these evangelical right-wing Christians can be lifted up to Heaven and sit at the right hand of God. Now this sounds like a wacky fairytale, and it is, but unfortunately a lot of people in powerful positions appear to believe it. The Republican Party is infested with beliefs like this and the Democrats are terrified of the Israel lobby and its ability to embarrass them into giving Israel what it wants. It seems that the instinct is to flinch in the face of this lobby, not to call its bluff, not to say "why should we be pouring this huge amount of aid into Israel when it is treating people with such a blatant disregard for their human rights?" Why, at the very least, do we not make it conditional on respecting the rights of the people of Gaza and the other Palestinians?

Is this the politics of fear then, as with Rupert Murdoch?

Yes, very much so. It's all about appeasing those who are more powerful than you and governments are there at the behest of powerful people. Our system works in such a way that if you upset a very small number of people, you are not going to stay in government. It really is as simple as that. Everyone knows who those people are and so they are appeased at every opportunity, which is how New Labour stayed in power - it appeased them ruthlessly and abandoned all the principles that the party was supposed to stand for in order to make itself amenable to Rupert Murdoch and the United States, particularly the Bush administration.

Do you think that Wikileaks is a step in the right direction for public access to information? Has the floodgate now been opened?

It's definitely a step in the right direction, but I don't think it's opened any floodgates other than those within the Wikileaks system. The reaction of politicians has not been to say that releasing all that information has been a good idea, but rather that we've got to be much more careful to make sure none of this escapes by such means in the future. It hasn't changed the politics of secrecy, but we desperately need a change and to see much more open government. After all, these are people who are only supposed to be there because of us and acting on our behalf, so why the heck shouldn't we know what they're doing? It's a very strange situation where these people, for whom we pay entirely, don't even allow us to see what they're getting up to. It's absolutely absurd. Currently, despite the Freedom of Information laws, it seems the default position is secrecy.

Tell us a bit about your tour of debates.

I love public discussion. It's the thing I enjoy most apart from being outdoors. To me, politics is all about having wide-ranging, free debates. You are not constrained by your own self-interest or political requirements, and you have no commercial or political interests at stake, so you can say exactly what you want to say. That's the space which we are hoping to create. I've done similar things before, where you start with ten minutes of laying out an argument and the invite people to respond to it with their own case or comments and then the rest of the evening is taken up with the public debate of that argument. It's always worked really well and I've found that these events become most interesting when I stop speaking. I just love the process of struggling over ideas - not necessarily against people, but very often with them, trying to develop approaches and solutions and analyses together, and sometimes having a good old ding dong in the process. I can't think of a better way to spend an evening.

Is it that love of debate that prompted the tour? It's quite a brave move!

Yes, I've been very lucky. The Guardian allows me to do whatever I want. Any subject I'm interested in I can go and research, think over and then write about. It's enabled me, over many years now, to explore and investigate a huge range of issues and do a lot of my own research, which has given me a certain amount of confidence when making my case. I know that at the very least I can support it with factually based arguments. So, while I might be wrong, at the very least I can be wrong in an interesting way.

Can you tell us what your topic will be for Sheffield?

I haven't the faintest idea! That's part of the excitement of these evenings - I wait until a day or two before to see what's in the news and if there's an interesting topic for debate that's already at the forefront of people's minds before deciding. I want the events to be as spontaneous as possible and part of that is choosing the topic for the first half. The first part is where I choose a topic and kick off with ten minutes explaining my view of that topic, then invite people to knock it down or give their perspective. In the second half, people bring up what they want to talk about and we have an argument about those issues. In the interval, we'll encourage people to make notes on what they would like to talk about and I'll choose the half dozen or so most interesting topics and we'll go from there. I've spoken in Sheffield in the past and it's always been a very interesting place to talk. People there have a lot to say for themselves.

This article continues in Now Then #36.

George Monbiot will appear at the Showroom on March 2nd.

Read his articles at monbiot.com

Israel putting Gaza on a diet - gisha.org

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VATICAN STILL TOP MARKET FOR POPEMOBILE SALES

The Vatican remains the world's number one customer for Popemobile sales, according to market leader Mercedes-Benz. Vatican demand outstripped all other markets for the 32nd year running, with sales reaching a high in 2010 of one unit. The Holy See purchased one modified Mercedes-Benz 600 Pullman-Landaulet in February.

"It's been another tough year in the papal market, so we're delighted with these results," Dieter Zetsche, CEO of Mercedes, told the No Quarter. "With this momentum behind us, we won't be closing our Vatican showroom any time soon."

The notoriously tough Episcopal market has left many manufacturers struggling for a toehold. Ford, whose last Popemobile sale was a modified Lehmann-Peterson in 1964, said it predicted another testing twelve months.

"We're still aggressively pursuing pontifical sales," said John Flemming, head of Ford Europe. "But barring an assassination or the emergence of brand new popes elsewhere in the world, it looks like 2011 could be another period of slow growth."

Mercedes' figures show a dramatic improvement on last year, when Popemobile sales hovered at around zero.

CHINA TO OVERTAKE US AS WORLD'S BIGGEST JERKS BY 2020

China is growing quicker than expected and could overtake the US as the world's supreme jerks within a decade, analysts have warned.

The Asian powerhouse wasn't expected to surpass the US until 2050, but new figures show China exported 6% more idiocy than forecast last year, while shitty behaviour at home also continued to boom.

"If China continues to surprise us with high economic growth and corresponding dickishness, it will overtake the States much earlier than 2050," said IMF chief economist Oliver Blanchard. "In fact, it could even happen within a decade."

Blanchard warned that the nation's growth rate put it on track to become "the world's ultimate tool" by 2020.

"China's expansion has been aided by its stubborn undervaluing of its own currency, which did a fine job of pissing off pretty much the entire global economy in the last quarter," said World Bank analyst Sarah Brolin.

"This is a nation that has adopted an increasingly protectionist trade policy, has refused to commit to climate deals, and has repeatedly breached UN human rights laws," she said. "The trouble for the US and the rest of the world is that its methods have worked. China now has the economic clout to get away with it, and is likely to use those same methods with ever greater impunity in the years to come as its power increases.

Brolin added; "The dicks."

Michael Kletz, professor of Political Science at Columbia University, claimed that an increase in unilateral strength is strongly linked to acting like such a total cock that you wouldn't believe it.

"With growth comes power, and with power comes jerks," said Kletz. "None of this is surprising, but that doesn't make it any less depressing."

Kletz conceded that the ferocity of China's development into an A-grade moron was unprecedented. "After all, it takes some seriously ambitious jerks to wreck not just everyone else's chances of avoiding catastrophic climate change, but its own too."

The figures will stoke US fears of becoming dependent on China to maintain its historical status as global superjerk. However, Washington believes it is still able to see off the threat provided that, as Republican senator Mitch McConnell told reporters on Tuesday, "America goes back to doing our own stupid shit, rather than relying on foreign idiots to do it for us."

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JOSH T. PEARSON
LIVE IN CONCERT

Thursday 24th March, doors 8.00pm
Queens Social Club, Queens Road, Sheffield.

The Lift to Experience frontman has been writing songs over nearly a decade of touring since the demise of his former band. Over the years he's graced Sheffield many a time with his presence, fitting then that he kicks off the tour for his much anticipated debut solo LP, *Last of the Country Gentlemen* (Mute Records), here.

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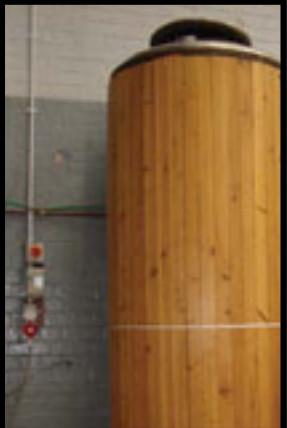
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BABY BOOMERS.

EXPLODING THE GENERATION BLAME GAME.

TOM BARKER.

Of all the images folk memory records of the 1929 Wall Street Crash, the most potent is surely that of the bankrupted investor, leaping from the top of a Manhattan skyscraper. Undoubtedly, a few poor souls did meet their end in this grisly way, but thankfully far fewer than is often supposed today. Eighty years later, in the wake of another financial crisis, we should be grateful too that the huge losses on the stock markets have not triggered similar acts of desperation (however we might feel about bankers). Self-flagellation, on the other hand, is very much in vogue; not amongst the financial community, but another group, defined by age rather than occupation.

These are the so-called 'baby boomers', the post-war generation born in the west between 1945 and 1965. In recent years, many of the best and brightest of their number, on both left and right of the political divide, have been queuing up to trash the record of their cohort. The charges vary, but can be distilled into the accusation that a generation that was so blessed ultimately achieved so little, leaving the world in a worse state than it found it. The baby boomers were, we are told, singularly fortunate; growing up protected by a strong state, untroubled by war and enjoying unprecedented personal freedoms. Upon receiving their free university degrees, the boomers moved into a buoyant jobs market, signing up to gilt-edged pensions and buying up cheap property that was later to soar in value. But what did they do with these unparalleled benefits? If the prosecution are to be believed, they blew it. Or rather, they took the loot, climbed up to a safe height and then kicked the ladder away. Raised on the rich milk of post-war social democracy, the baby boomers matured and entered the commanding heights of society, only to gorge themselves on the excesses of free market capitalism from the 1980s, right up until the big crash made everyone look up, guiltily, from the trough. Now, it is argued, it's not the baby boomers who'll foot the bill for this mother-of-all-parties, but their children and grandchildren, debt-laden and with uncertain job prospects, decades away from home ownership and unable to turn to the state for support in the way their parents might have done. Thanks a lot, Mum and Dad.

This is quite a neat little narrative, but one which needs to be challenged. Firstly, it is perverse to criticise the baby boomers for having taken advantage of the fruits of post-war prosperity and state provision because, quite simply, what generation wouldn't have? Instead, we should set the public goods of the 1960s and 70s, notably free higher education, as a benchmark for policy today. Anything less is a derogation of ambition. In a recent Guardian article, Geoffrey Wheatcroft argued that his generation were essentially too "soft", having grown up in a time of "no hard choices". But we must be very careful about wishing for greater hardship, or seeing hardship as a necessary precondition of virtue. We all know not to spoil children, but neither should we starve them. Meanwhile, economist and writer Will Hutton berates the boomers for allowing the social liberalism of the 1960s to morph into the economic liberalism of the 80s, unleashing a reckless form of capitalism that was to lead to the crisis of 2008. But who was it that inaugurated this sickening greed-fest? Not baby-boomers, but leaders of an earlier generation; Margaret Thatcher (b.1925) and Ronald Regan (b.1911). Boomers like Bush and Brown may have been at the scene of the crime, but they were not its progenitors.

At the heart of this issue lies the old problem of Structure vs. Agency; are outcomes shaped more by impersonal social and economic forces, or by the deliberate choices of groups and individuals? Were the baby boomers essentially little more than bystanders in their own history, or did their unique fecklessness lead us all to ruin? In his recent book on the subject, Conservative minister David Willetts at times seems to lean towards the former explanation, arguing that the problems apparently bequeathed by the boomers are really the product of "sheer demographic", not "deliberate selfishness". But if he really believed that, why did he subtitle his book, 'How the baby boomers stole their children's future - and how they can give it back'?

Ultimately, it's unclear what purpose boomer-bashing really serves. Is it to assuage a misplaced sense of guilt, or does it simply provide a convenient scapegoat at a time of no easy answers? Whatever the reasons may be, it's counter-productive, because finding solutions to the problems society faces today, from economic instability to climate change, will require the wisdom and co-operation of all generations.



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February often feels like the real start of the year, since most of January is spent hibernating indoors and frantically checking weather reports. It's also the month of Valentine's Day, so a slight love and weather theme in the Word Life section this month. There are plenty of poetry events worth shouting about in the coming weeks, and preparation continues for Sheffield Poetry Festival in April. Keep your poems and short stories coming to joe@nowthenmagazine.com

JOE.

WRITE DOWN YOUR STREET CELEBRATION EVENT 9TH FEBRUARY @ CAFÉ EURO, SHEFFIELD.

Write Down Your Street is an Off The Shelf Festival project in which arts organisation Art In The Park have provided community writing workshops across the south of the city. A book has been produced of the work created during the workshops, which will be launched at a celebration event on 9th February, 6-8pm, at Café Euro on John St. The event will also feature an open mic, free hot food and cake for the first 40 people.

If you are interested in performing on the night or for more details about the ongoing writing groups, please contact cassie@artinthepark.org.uk.

WORD LIFE – SPOKEN WORD ALL STARS AT THEATRE IN THE MILL, BRADFORD. 11TH FEBRUARY.

Taking five poets and one musician, we have a stellar line-up of international award-winners and critically acclaimed performers, including Kat Francois, OneNess and El Crisis, with a special guest appearance by Joolz Denby. Spoken Word All Stars journey began at Latitude Festival 2010, and recently featured in a Sky Arts documentary. Bradford is only a quick hike on the train, and this is rare chance to see a group of touring performance poets collaborating with internationally-recognised musicians.

SHEFFIELD POETRY FESTIVAL. EARLY APRIL 2011.

Events are still being booked, venues prepared and poems being written, but Sheffield's first poetry festival is going to have an action packed schedule of events over the first weekend of April. With scratch showings of new theatre/spoken word pieces, readings and slams, the festival should have enough to cater for most tastes and a few high profile poets to boot. Check back here over the next couple of months.

WORDLIFE.

SHEFFIELD POETICS.

COLLATED AND EDITED BY JOE KRISS.

EVENING ON LOWEDGES.

The clocks go back tonight -
hint of Autumn in the air.
The sky is riven streaks
of purple, pink and gold,
the sun, a glowing globe
is setting in the west -
Totley Moss's moors
dark edge against the flame.

On Greenhill Parkway's tarmac strip
cars and buses make their way,
ferrying home the workers
at the end of a busy day.
Soon the street lamps will light up –
pale copies of the disappearing sun.

St. Peter's silver spire
is turned to burnished gold,
dark silhouettes of beech and oak
stand proud against the sky.
A flock of starlings wheel
and tumble on the evening air
before they fly to roost in woods nearby.

WIN FRANCIS.

EAST COAST LINE.

Beads of melt-water flow in horizontal lines.
Beyond the cold glass, snow whitens hills and fields.
Sky and land merge, trees and bushes are inky prints,
the sun, a pewter disc.

Piebald cows, milk-heavy, wade through drifts.
Trudging to the shed, their huffing breath
is mist. Through the left-hand window
the North sea drowns a strip of beach.

At Berwick-on-Tweed we are stuck in the station.
The train ahead has broken down. It occurs to me:
I must get off the train, now, walk back to you
through the clean snow.

JENNY DONNISON.

PLAGUES.

There were plagues of insects and seeds that day
as we hid in the shadows
and cracked open
in the sunlight,
warm lager and ice cream
in our bellies.

Dandelion clock fuzz clung
to the witch-house
like spiderwebs,
enchanted and sparkling
under the glare.

Watching the children
waft aphids from their curls,
we were too old
for playground follies
preferring to loiter
in charity shops
and beer gardens

As the sun passed over
the yard arm
and the low grade
orangeade
overspilled into syrup on my lap,
the sticky-croched haze
of the day bound us together,
like slugs in cider.

CASSIE KILL.

SNOW.

Numbing duvet
Joyous herald of unexpected days off

Neighbourhood bonder
Defeater of cheap tyres

Like a sparkling new relationship
Full of fresh delights and challenges
Gradually turning familiar
Then dull

I'll miss you when you're gone.

PETER ENGLISH.

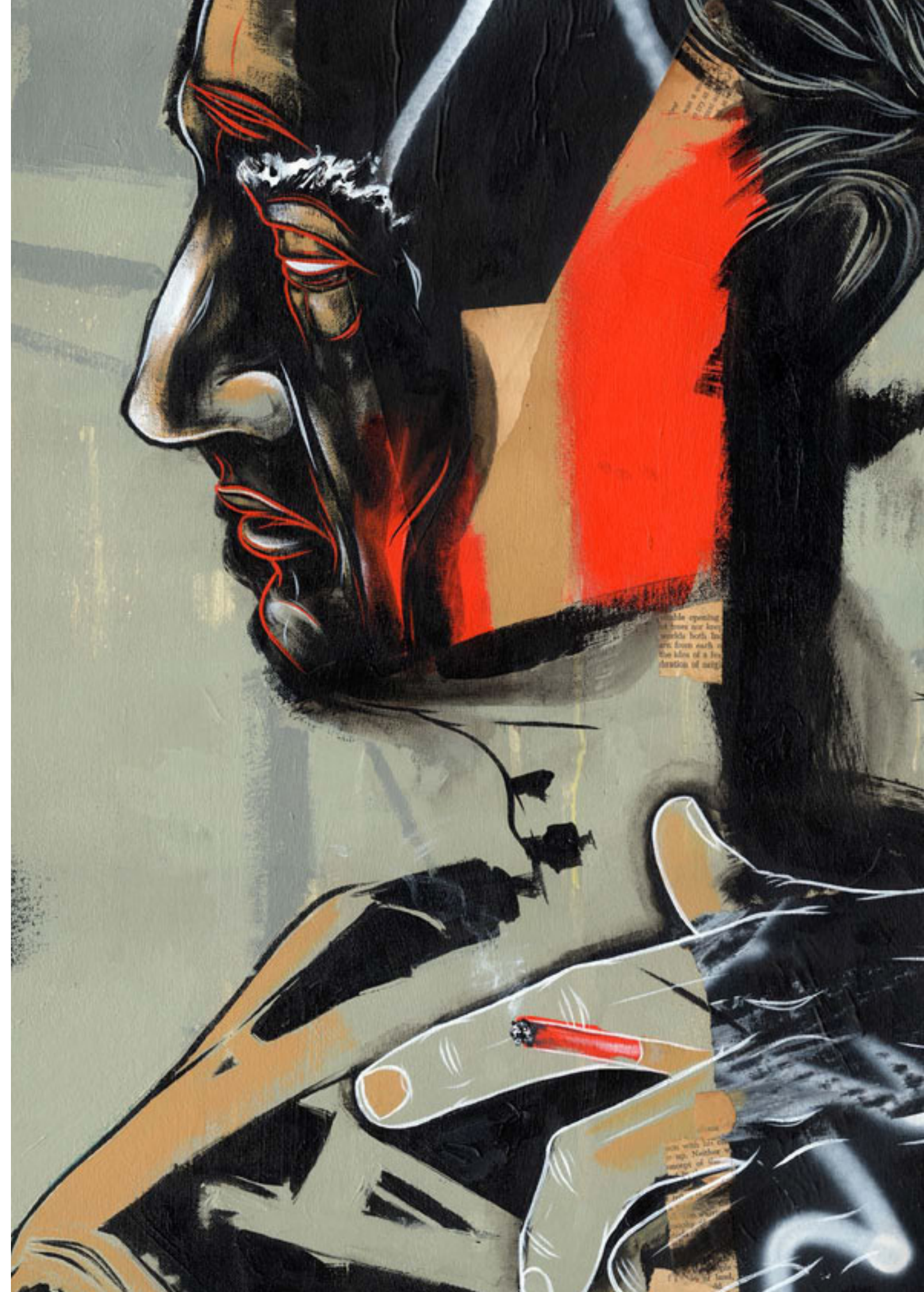
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DAVE KINSEY.

KNOWING WHEN TO STOP.

INTERVIEW BY JONES.

When we first started this magazine, I wrote a 'dreamteam' list of ten artists that I wanted to feature. Dave Kinsey headed that list up. At the time, he was a strictly red/black/white propaganda merchant - things have progressed somewhat since then, and not just with the introduction of more paint to the equation. Whilst still being firmly one of the most distinctive styles to spawn from lowbrow and the like, his methods and final product have massively matured.

Lessons in negative space, what doesn't need to be drawn, and when to walk away from the canvas are contained in this issue. At the risk of repeating myself, the mark of a true artist is keeping a consistency across detail, placement and style regardless of scale and medium. Take note.

WHAT STARTED YOU DRAWING?

It was something that came naturally to me as a kid, but I think it was about the time I started going to private school in fourth grade when I was actually pushed to engage the art making practice. We did everything from painting to drawing to sculpture, which basically opened up an entirely new world of enjoyment for me and I never stopped.

CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE PROCESS OF STARTING A NEW PIECE?

I generally begin by just letting loose. Sometimes I have a vision of what I'd like to create, while other times I just throw down and let it all develop naturally. As the piece evolves, things start to come out of (or into) the work that add to the narrative.

WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR INSPIRATION?

Spending time in nature, listening to music, photographing wildlife and street spaces, going to museums and galleries, traveling, collecting images that I find intriguing and discovering new things; basically living with my eyes open.

TOOLS - WHAT DO YOU USE REGULARLY AND WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE?

Of course, I love my good brushes and like working with a variety of mediums like acrylic, ink, collage, wood and spray paint. Nice heavyweight canvas makes all the difference as well.

HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR DAYS?

After about four cups of coffee, I usually go for a walk with my dog before I head into the studio. I spend much of my day prepping and sketching and rolling the occasional boulder down the hill. Once the sunset is observed, I lock the world out and the paint begins to flow. The end of the day sees a nice flowing Boddington's.

OUT OF YOUR RECENT WORK, WHICH PIECE HAVE YOU ENJOYED MAKING THE MOST?

I'd say 'Beast of Burden', because its outcome was so unexpected. It was just one of those paintings that ended up surprising me. It came out of nowhere.

HOW HAS YOUR ART EVOLVED OVER TIME?

That's hard to pinpoint, but lately I'm less focused on line to define my imagery, and more on shape and depth.

WHAT ARE YOU CURRENTLY WORKING ON?

I have a few projects taking shape in the New Year, but unfortunately I've signed some non-disclosures, so I can't tell you. Silly, right? I'm also painting for my next solo show that'll be hosted by Helmet Gallery in Munich in June 2011, and I'll also be working on new prints that I'll be releasing throughout the year.

ANY TIPS ON HOW TO SURVIVE MAKING MONEY FROM YOUR ART? DO YOU FIND IT IMPORTANT?

Unfortunately, there's no formula for surviving as an artist, aside from just giving it your all. I've personally benefited from also being a designer, which has helped take the pressure off having to sell my fine art to survive.

You really have to be focused and put in a lot of time, and if that means not making a comfortable living, well then I guess that balance is up to the person making the choice. Luckily though, in this day and age, it's easy to get your work out there for the world to see via the internet, which is an advantage artists have only had in the past decade or so.

WHAT DO YOU DISLIKE IN ART?

I dislike mediocrity, false hype, style-biters, repetition and smarmy dealers.

WHAT MAKES YOU SMILE IN ART?

Originality and the seeing of truly great works by artists like Caravaggio, Francis Bacon, Lucian Freud, Ahmed Alsoudani, Lee Bontecou, Mark Grotjahn and Tim Hawkinson.

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SOUND.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

FRED OXBY.

The advent of the internet and the rise of MP3 music has not only challenged the recording industry's monopoly on selling music, but has given numerous amateur musicians the chance to be heard throughout the world without the support of a global music imprint. It has also brought about a rapid increase in free music online. From the record industry's point of view, these changes have threatened to destroy their livelihood, but they have also called into question the way the music they produce is valued.

Modern music is valued twice - once when it is created, appreciated or performed live, and once when it is sold. While we can value something for its artistic merit in terms of emotion, pleasure and the like, selling something gives it a monetary value, which is completely unrelated to its quality.

A fallacy I have often heard is that to not charge for music devalues it. In reality, the 'value' that record labels talk of is not the value of the music itself, but the cost incurred to produce it. Don't get me wrong, to invest in a project financially does justify charging for the outcome and it is a great thing that artists are able to make a living out of their work. But it is important not to confuse the artistic and financial value of their work, the latter of which is reflected by nothing else but the price you pay for it at HMV or online.

There are a number of examples of how this reassessment of music's value has led to good. Netlabels, which release music for free, have triumphed in the last few years. The idea of not putting a monetary value on music has gained a sort of purity amongst the Beatport generation - no pretensions to higher musical cause, no need to illegally obtain swathes of music from dodgy torrent sites, and in some cases, music of real quality. Running a netlabel is a labour of love which could not be achieved without attaching a creative and artistic value to music. What is missing is a price, which is a very different thing.

Radiohead are another example of this. When they announced that their long-awaited LP In Rainbows would be sold over the internet at a price chosen by the fans, many condemned them as devaluing their art with a cheap marketing ploy. Lipstick-clad proto-emo Robert Smith even wrote a reaction to this on The Cure's website, condemning it and stating firmly that if an artist cannot put a value on their own art, they are not really an artist. This argument holds very little sway in a world where to be an artist can mean so many different things. Is the teenager who spends his time in front of his computer producing music for himself not an artist? Van Gogh only sold one painting in his life, but I hope Smith will grant the Dutch master artist status. Plenty of music is released posthumously, meaning that the artists did not place any monetary value on it - does that mean all this music is also valueless?

Music has the power to make us laugh and to weep. According to psychologists and neuroscientists, it even has the power to ease the effects of autism and amnesia. It has been used to harness the powers of great armies, to tame the hearts and minds of restless cities. While it is not a condition of life to have music, the ability to make and appreciate it is without a doubt at the very essence of what it is to be human - not something you can put a price on.

LIVE.

PEOPLE ARE STRANGE. SHEFFIELD TECHNO INSTITUTE.

M-CODE. WHAT’S ON - FEBRUARY.

PEOPLE ARE STRANGE.

5TH JANUARY.
GREEN ROOM.

REVIEWER – LAURENCE PIERCY.

The charming Louis Romégoux, now a bona fide Austrian, returned to Sheffield for two weeks with his charming consort, Petra. Fresh and satisfied from a week of continuous feasting, he blossomed in the Green Room for a one-night-only gig spectacular. Readers, you are probably already familiar with Mr. Romégoux’s work, so I needn’t distract you with much-repeated anecdotes about his silky voice, virtuoso and erratic guitar work, penchant for reggae, or indeed the rumours that he has fathered children all over South Yorkshire.

There was Andrew Duxfield, and before him, performing in a somewhat introductory capacity, was James Tait. Both of these one-man acts are competent and both sing in tune. Without griping, one could ask them to try a bit harder. Perhaps seek out some aggression, cultivate a cutting wit, or at least adopt the Byrne method of stage presence and put on a massive suit.

The penultimate act was Flamingo Love Parade, who looked bored and played some boring jazz-style lift music. Please excuse the following, but like grumpy Nabokov, my loathings are simple and among them I count ‘soft music’.

How do proficient musicians get together and create this kind of music? Bad and boring often exist in co-mixture. Not so with the Flamingo Love Parade, who skilfully channel a pure strain of dull. Instead of writing off the time you spent in the audience, reflect on the wider implications of boredom. Not only does musical ennui pose a simple barrier to proper enjoyment but, as far as I can tell, is in fact an issue of ethics. Take the sentiments of the Danish theologian and philosopher Knud Løgstrup, and ask yourself whether they do not resonate with the responsibilities of artistic creation. He tells us that ‘indifference and apathy make a person unimaginative’. Working backwards from the unimaginative product then, we find indifference and apathy at its source, nestling in the hearts of those weary travellers whose earnest inclinations have led them to a sleepy glen where they can happily noodle away, careless of mankind. Where is the love that their name proclaims? Surely without the hint of a questing spirit, the musical expression of love becomes less like a passionate embrace and more like a clammy handshake. ‘Where?!’ the audience ask themselves. Where is the creative vanity, the appetite and joie de vivre that leads their flamingo namesake to relentlessly sift for plankton to conjure the colour in its famous plumage? They do not deserve association with that blessed animal.

Stripped of ‘love’ and ‘flamingo’, the group find themselves without the protective associations of their original moniker. Roaming, a lonely and depleted parade of four, the germ of creativity tentatively begins to sprout through self-reflection. ‘Where did it all go wrong?’ asks the youth who plays the drums. ‘How did we lose our way?’ whispers the guitar man. ‘I want excitement again’ speaks the competent but misguided bass player. The saxophonist, now an owl, hoots at the moon.

SHEFFIELD TECHNO INSTITUTE.

14TH JANUARY.
REDHOUSE.

REVIEWER - SAM WALBY.

After three banging STI events last year, #4 seemed like a good way to spend a cold Friday evening in January.

Pink Gin began the night with a few funky numbers, warming up a crowd that was surprisingly large for so early in the night (that old ‘free before 10pm’ trick worked like a charm). The first half of her set favoured carnivalesque house and melodic techno, while the second hour saw her take us to darker, more psychedelic pastures, with intricate micro rhythms always lurking in background. I am told this was her first DJ set. In which case – you had me fooled...

Residents Anagramm and Cellar Dweller worked the now-capacity crowd into a frenzy with their favourite four-to-the-floor treats between the two main acts.

Kujio entertained the revelling masses from 1.30am, delivering an Ableton Live set of techno and tech-house with undeniably European overtones and a few of his own homemade bangers thrown in. There is nothing more annoying than a DJ who looks at a loose end in front of a fancy Mac, but this man clearly knows his way around the software like the back of his hand, and this translates into a 90-minute set of seamless mixes, additional layered percussion elements and mind-bending digital effects. The sweaty throngs submit to his indomitable kicks and snares, and everyone seems to agree it was worth the £3 door tax.

For a night that is still in its infancy, STI did a smashing job of filling up the Red House and keeping people on the dancefloor until closing time at 3am. It can be hard to hold the attention of punters when you hit the 2am mark, but if anything people seemed to find a new enthusiasm in the last hour. A few problems with the fatness of the sound (or lack of) niggled throughout the evening but, on the whole, the beats were large and so was the atmosphere.

M-CODE NYE PARTY.

31ST DECEMBER.
M-CODE - 230 WOODBOURN ROAD.

REVIEWER - JAMES LOCK.

M-Code has an aura of mystery around it at the moment. Some people know - some people don’t. Soon, I’m told, we will all be aware of Sheffield’s latest warehouse, come venue, come funland. I

t is located next to Sheffield Parkway at 230 Woodbourn Road - a taxi jaunt for all but the hardest party seekers. So with that in mind, at 2.30am on New Year’s Eve, a few friends and I caught a lift with one of Sheffield’s finer independent taxi firms and headed into the night.

We’d heard rumours of 20Hz, Sequoia, Studio45 Hi-Fi AND Danger Noise soundsystems in effect; rumours of D.A.V.E. the Drummer, Mobile Dogwash, Seven, Youngsta, Dubcentral, Feedback, Junglist Alliance, Steel City Tekno and Dark Crystal gracing the decks. In short, we’d heard it was going to be a good old Sheffield soundclash in a new, 27,000 sq ft space until 8am. We were not disappointed.

Nor I’m afraid were we terribly observant. There were two large rooms open, one playing a distinctly techno heavy brand of – yes - techno, and the other playing dubstep, drum & bass and gloriously loud jungle. Drinks were on offer (and consumed throughout), prices were affordable, the loos didn’t flood (*cough* Club Shh) and the smoking area was humongous - filled to the brim with picnic benches and the odd friendly-eyed bouncer.

Getting in at half past ten that morning, I realised that my dominant memory of the last twelve hours was witnessing MC Marksman perform, more on than off, for eight hours. Huge tribute goes out to Tim for keeping the whole room shaking and the people happy, an absolutely incredible effort for a New Year’s Eve. There is loads more to be shouting about, and I offer my sincere apologies for not being more articulate in naming DJs and favourite tunes, though I would hope if ever that was forgivable, it would be on NYE.

What I can say is that the venue is an open book in terms of style and decor, and that it will soon be a force to be reckoned with on the late night party scene.

Get yourselves down to the official opening of Freq, a new monthly event at M-Code, on 26th February.

WHAT’S ON.

GOOD THINGS ON THE CARDS FOR FEBRUARY.

THIRSTY EAR PEACE IN THE PARK FUNDRAISER.

@ Harley.
5th February.
£2/£3.

Funk, soup, hip hop and reggae from Andy H (Tuesday Club), Chris Welsh (Kabal) and Now Then’s own Ian Cracknell.

BOB MARLEY BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE.

@ M-Code.
5th February.
£10 adv.

Three rooms and tunes from Riddimtion, Unitone, Sequoia, Dubcentral, Liquid Steel Sessions, Concrete Jungle and more

CUPIDS IN NOOSES 2011: ANTI-VALENTINE’S FESTIVAL.

@ Rude Shipyard.
12th and 13th February from 1pm.
Free.

Two days of live acoustic music, poetry and comedy to raise money for Sheffield Committee to Defend Asylum Seekers.

EFTERKLANG.

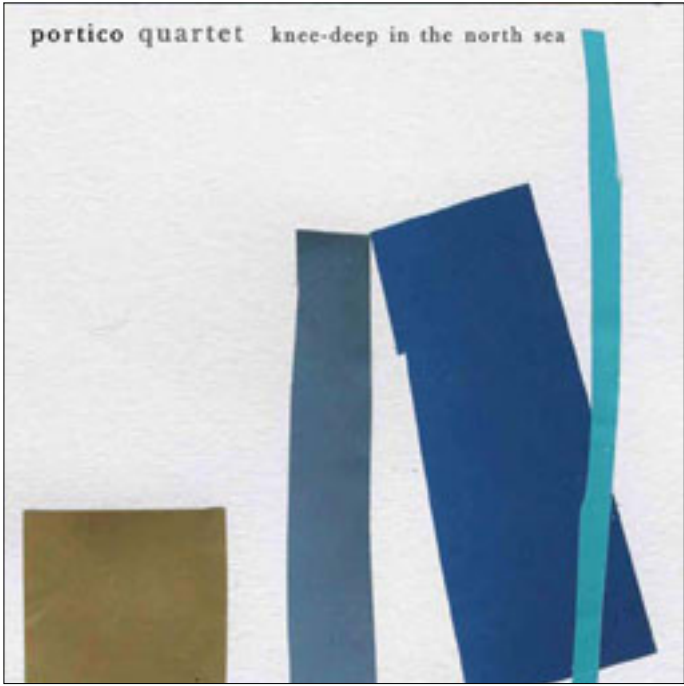
@ Queens Social Club.
23rd February.
£11.50 adv.

Performance by Danish 8-piece and screening of ‘An Island’, the Vincent Moon documentary about them.

VENETIAN SNARES, NEIL LANDSTRUMM & VHS HEAD.

@ Jabez, Manchester.
26th February.
£10 adv / £12 otd.

First ever live Venetian Snares performance in Manchester, hosted by the Centrifuge and Room 237.



PORTICO QUARTET.

**KNEE-DEEP IN THE NORTH SEA.
REAL WORLD RECORDS.**

REVIEWER – IMOGEN DECORDOVA.

Long gone are the days of busking on London’s South Bank, and ever-present are the days of re-releasing ‘deluxe’ versions of an album made less than five years ago. Originally released in 2007, the 2008 Mercury Music Prize nominated breakthrough album from the foursome saw them take on the role of token teeny tiny little upcoming band within the awards and as you might have guessed they’ve benefited nicely from the publicity. And well deserved publicity it is too.

Naturally, comparisons have been made to the orchestras Cinematic and Souljazz, bands that display musicianship you’d be hard pressed to find in many other genres.

Too much distortion and drone sometimes makes you suspect that artists are compensating for their lack of musical talent by smudging it into oblivion, as much as the hypnagogic pop thang compels, the crisp sound and huge range demonstrated by artists such as the quartet demands respect and a keen ear to pick out those details.

On the album, flourishes of styles are played on conventional jazz instruments but not in a traditional jazzy way. And by traditional instruments I mean sax, drums, double bass, hang...come on, don’t tell me you don’t know what a Hang is...it is the aural twin sister of the steel drums, but slightly more attractive and played with the fingers. The fascinating instrument gives each track a melodic density that is offset by the dynamic but not overpowering drums. But whatever you do, never confuse the hang for a drum, as manufacturers PANArt carefully advise: “Treating it as a drum and promoting the name hang drum...has created a ripple effect of misinformation that leads to damaged hang, physical injury, and mental and emotional turbulence.” Just don’t do it!

For those who haven’t yet stumbled across the quartet or the hang, this is the package for you. Additional live tracks include versions of the title track and ‘Steps in the Wrong Direction’, recorded at Copenhagen Jazz Festival, along with the previously unreleased ‘All the Pieces Matter’, recorded at Maida Vale for Gilles Peterson - all of which fit seamlessly into the pre-recorded and tweaked jigsaw, the only things betraying them being the noise of the live audience.

Portico Quartet are embarking on a series of tour dates throughout February, and I have it on good authority that their live performances are wondrous.



STATELESS.

**MATILDA.
NINJA TUNE.**

REVIEWER – TOM BELSHAW.

In a world run by social networking websites, the ancient adage ‘patience is a virtue that causes no shame’ appears as more of a vice than anything else. When everything happens practically instantaneously, it becomes disposable. Like a metaphorical Rustler’s BBQ Rib.

Take music as an example. The almost embarrassing amount of EPs, free downloads and leaked advanced releases on the internet means that everything is ultimately accessible to everyone at a mere mouse click’s notice. When was the last time you bought an album, sat cross-legged in front of your speakers and listened from start to epic closure while reading the album’s sample credits and eating a packet of Maltesers?

June, 1998.

The idea that Leeds quartet Stateless are bringing to the fray is one of indulgence. Their latest LP **Matilda** is a proper album. It begs for high fidelity, expensive headphones and a mere 49 minutes of your time.

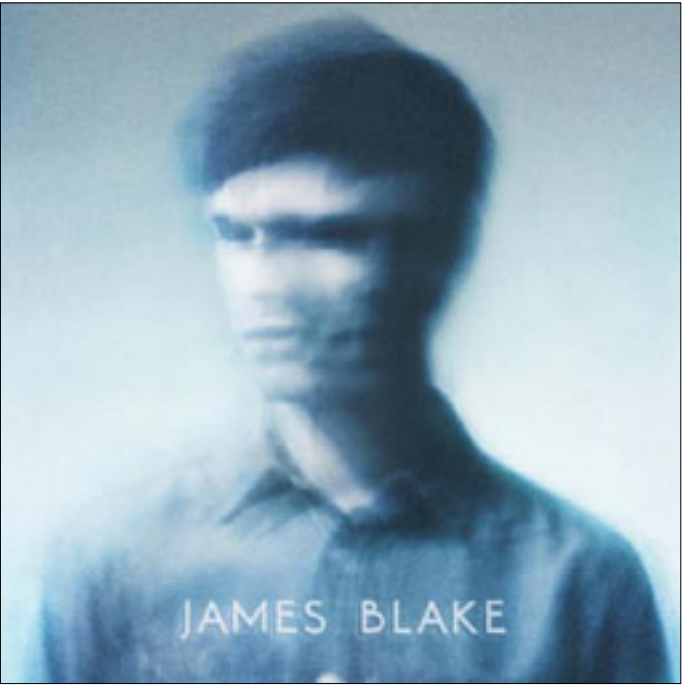
The almost frightening scope of the LP is far exceeded by the sheer talent of its performers. Lead vocalist Chris James’ haunting tones, Kidkanevil’s trademark tribal poundings and bleak bleeping, bassist Justin Percival’s unexpectedly deep, soulful serenade and drummer David Levin’s, well...drumming.

The first release from the album, ‘Ariel’ plays like a Romany gypsy neophile’s dream. The novelty of Mediterranean guitar noodlings are appeased by bass notes that ‘womp’ and/or ‘squelch’ and a steady, crispy, half-time beat. The melancholy it exhibits is beautifully crafted into the album’s remaining ten offerings, no more so than in the simply gorgeous ‘I’m On Fire’, with one stoic waltz to another, deep and broody crooning and a crescendo that sounds like the trailer for a Christopher Nolan reboot of Edith Piaf’s film biography.

‘Miles to Go’ and its haunted pianos, epic bass swells and ‘this sweater is thicker than I remember’ warmth implore rewind after rewind. Collaboration with the Balanescu String Quartet ‘Song for the Outsider’ is just bloody great.

The sheer fact that each track blends so beautifully from the last don’t half make it hard to extract their individual merits; when everything works so well as a whole, taking away its constituent parts risks damaging its integrity.

If you can be virtuous enough, sit comfortably, break out your Sennheisers and pick your confectionary wisely. I had a Caramac.



JAMES BLAKE.

**JAMES BLAKE.
ATLAS RECORDINGS.**

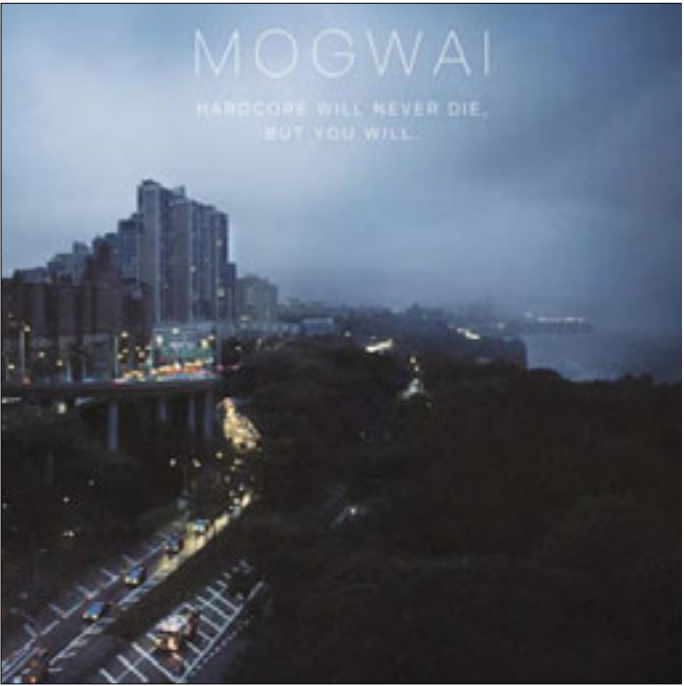
REVIEWER – BEN DOREY.

Annoyingly talented 22 year old James Blake was possibly the bass music buzz artist of 2010. His two EPs showcased a production style that was technically accomplished from a traditional, compositional standpoint, as well as from an electronic one, setting him apart from many of his contemporaries. After being named one of the BBC’s Sound of 2011 artists, the interest of the general public was piqued and it is perhaps not surprising that his debut album was leaked over a month ahead of the official launch. The new record sees Blake strip back his already minimal aesthetic, eschewing all but delicate traces of the genres that informed his early sound and leaving plenty of room for his own voice to enter, a bold and somewhat unusual choice for an electronic producer these days. Whether it was a wise one is hard to say. The record is best judged on the merits of each individual track, rather than as a whole, as the same tricks that Blake employs to stunning effect on some tracks fall flat on others.

Opener ‘Unluck’ is a perfect example of things not coming off as you might hope. Several elements key to Blake’s new direction are there, all sounding crisply mastered, but here the stuttering pad drones, auto-tuned vocals and minimal beat seem to get in each other’s way, as if by focusing so intently on the minutae of tiny variations and stereo effects the feel for a greater structures was diminished. ‘Wilhelm’s Scream’ is a stronger track, with some beautifully executed expanding and contracting sounds surrounding the vocals, but again Blake’s vocals sit slightly awkwardly at the front, and it is only when they are stripped back that the track reaches its peak. ‘I Never Learnt To Share’ also keeps vocals very much at the front of the mix, but in this instance Blake’s complex harmonic understanding is better utilised. The strange cadences between the various vocal lines and the vintage synth backing, whilst not being a necessarily comfortable listen, work to create a more absorbing atmosphere than the openers. ‘Lindisfarne I’ and ‘Lindisfarne II’ make similar use of vocal harmonies as their backbone, creating an interesting timbre over a lightly-affected folk guitar backing and sombre beat.

The most hyped tune on the album, and the one most likely to be a successful single release, is Blake’s cover of Feist’s ‘Limit To Your Love’. It features his voice in a more unadulterated form, which is not unpleasant, but it could be better if he allowed another vocalist to take the limelight, as the song’s soul-influenced dubstep approach, which is well executed but frankly a little bland, isn’t the best partner for Blake’s fragile delivery. The tune will satisfy many with its nod towards currently popular styles, but seems unoriginal by comparison to the piano-led ‘Give Me My Month’ that follows it. The same contrast exists between the lacklustre ‘I Mind’ and the haunting gospel harmonies of ‘Measurements’.

The jumping to and fro between genuinely original and touching compositions and those which are simply well produced extensions of musical atmospheres which have dominated the progressive side of garage throughout the past couple of years make this album hard to review. Perhaps the ingenuity and skill exhibited at points raise the bar too high, because although there are tracks that show Blake as one of the most exciting artists in Britain today, the record itself is inconsistent in terms of originality if not quality of production. A slight shame, considering some of the material here is on a level with the very best music being released today.



MOGWAI.

**HARDCORE WILL NEVER DIE, BUT YOU WILL.
ROCK ACTION RECORDS / SUBPOP.**

REVIEWER – JACK SCOURFIELD.

I probably should’ve told Now Then’s editor this before agreeing to review **Hardcore Will Never Die, But You Will**, but I don’t think I’ve ever actually listened to Mogwai before. I’d heard of them, of course, but to the best of my knowledge not a single song of theirs had ever graced my ears, although I was relieved to find out that there’s a sizeable musical difference between them and Moguai (with a ‘u’), the pretty duff German tech-house producer.

However, my gratitude that I wouldn’t be listening to an album packed with tunes designed to soundtrack men wearing knock-off white Wayfarers downing knock-off WKDs on a Saturday night was soon tainted by the rapidly growing suspicion that fans of Mogwai and the surrounding post-rock scene probably don’t take too kindly to uninitiated amateurs waving their ill-informed critiques in the band’s direction, like a blind-folded child standing in a closet trying to stab a dangling pig with what he thinks is a lightsaber, but is actually a two-inch screwdriver. Even now, I break in to a cold sweat as I envisage a die-hard Mogwai fan recognising me in the street and berating me in a mainly instrumental and epically soundscaped manner, before a legion of other followers pin me down and post a barrage of derogatory comments in the Shoutbox that I keep cellotaped to my left knee. With this in mind, please be aware that this review (when it eventually becomes a review, rather than a lengthy premeditated apology) will be a newcomer to Mogwai’s verdict on this album itself, and the only mentions of **Mr Beast** or **Come On Die Young** you’ll find will be in the sentence you’ve just finished reading.

So after all that, guess what? The album’s great. Whether or not it does justice to Mogwai’s past achievements I don’t know, but as a piece of music it is generally very rewarding. The gentle chattering and contemplative guitars that introduce opener ‘White Noise’ act like a woodland creature that has just emerged, blinking in the sunlight from its burrow, cautiously eyeing up the world around it, before the track gradually builds up the bravery to explore further afield with some chiming strokes that linger over an ever-building crescendo. This then submits to the unrelenting click beat of ‘Mexican Grand Prix’, a track strewn with hushed vocals that tread alongside the backing instruments like a horse cantering through a sepia beach scene, choppy waves lapping against it all the while. This and the third track, the industrialist grit of ‘Rano Pano’, are two highlights of the record, along with the slightly more traditional rock sensibilities of ‘San Pedro’ and the bass-driven contained eruption that is ‘George Square Thatcher Death Party’, which probably features the best vocals on the album.

While there’s a good depth in terms of quality throughout the record, I do feel that, as an album, it doesn’t quite flow as well it could do, with some tracks sitting uncomfortably next to each other, but overall this seems an accomplished offering. Something that struck me as I listened to HWNDBYW as a Mogwai novice (oh, did I mention I hadn’t heard them before?) was the relative shortness and accessibility of the tracks, as I’d always placed the band as purveyors of more expansive odysseys. Whether this is a good or bad sign for the record and band’s direction, I’ll leave that to those in the know to debate. Me, I’m off to listen to some Rihanna.

SIX ORGANS OF ADMITTANCE.

FOLK MINUS THE FREAK.

INTERVIEW BY SAM WALBY.

Six Organs of Admittance is the moniker of California-based folk musician Ben Chasny, who releases with Holy Mountain and Drag City. He was lumped in with the ‘freak folk’ label a few years ago, mostly because he featured on a compilation put together by Devendra Banhart, but look past the pigeon-holing and you’ll find an incredibly prolific artist with a stunning guitar technique and a distinctive approach to composition, encompassing folk, drone and psychedelic rock. Particularly recommended is *Compathia*, released in 2003.

His newest LP, *Asleep On The Floodplain*, is out this month, so I spoke to Ben about the history of the Six Organs project and humoured him as he ranted about Alice Coltrane and the Apocalypse...

Have you visited or played a gig in Sheffield before?

Ah no! I’d like to, but nobody ever asked.

You’ve done a lot of collaborations and band projects in the past few years. Was it important for you to make *Asleep On The Floodplain* on your own?

Yeah, it was. I really wanted to get back to that space where it’s just me and the recording machine. Mano y Máquina. Just let things go as long as they need to. It was cool to get back to that.

What were your surroundings while recording it?

I recorded some of it in my bedroom when I was living in San Francisco. Other parts were recorded in a little space in Seattle. My girlfriend and I lived in 400 square feet, so it was a little tight. I carved out some space and set up some recording gear.

Some of it was done on a Tascam 424 [four-track tape machine] and the rest was just recorded onto computer with a really nice preamp. The harmonium was on the kitchen table.

Did you try out the new tracks in a live setting beforehand?

No, I’ve never really done that. Sometimes I will improvise live and then that might work itself into a more structured song later down the line, but usually I write the music as I record it.

In the liner notes, you say ‘S/word and Leviathan’ was inspired by the writings of theologian Catherine Keller. Which of her books resonated most with you?

That particular song was inspired by her book ‘Apocalypse Now And Then’ and her discussion of chaos as a serpent. I loved the way she discussed a third way to approach eschatological turmoil which neither throws yourself into the doomsday stream nor fights against it, which would still be recognizing it. I just discovered her last year because of a great collection of essays that she edited called ‘Apophatic Bodies’.

I read that you wrote out a sort of diagram for ‘River of Transfiguration’ from *The Sun Awakens*, to direct the improv. Did you approach ‘S/word..’ in a similar way, since it’s a similarly extended track?

That song was the first one that I started recording and also the last to be worked on. I didn’t draw up a diagram like ‘River of Transfiguration’, but I kept adding and subtracting parts over the course of about three years. It went through a lot of changes. Some people think it is based on a loop, but really it is a take of me fingerpicking a saz.

Do any other tracks on the album have specific influences?

‘River Of My Youth’ is about the river that ran through my back yard that I used to use as a path to meet my friends on its banks. That’s about all I can reveal at this time.

What other artforms inspire you to create?

I really don’t know anything about art at all. Maybe one day...

Did you just let Steve Quenell work his magic again for this album’s artwork, or is there much interaction between the music and art in the production stage?

We usually work together on an idea. I don’t want to say what our idea was because I don’t want to give anyone any preconceived notions before hearing the record, but we talked about what the beasts should look like and inspirations and all of that. Then he just went to town. I am very happy with it.

You’ve spoken before about how you think freely accessible music can cause people to simply react, rather than to properly digest what they are hearing and try to understand it fully over time. Do you still think this will have an impact on the future of music? Isn’t it possible for downloaders to do it sensibly and still get more or less the same experience as a vinyl junky?

Of course, downloading is going to have an effect on things, and of course there are great advantages to things moving in that direction. There is no doubt that having a great library of music to listen to is wonderful in a lot of ways. I’ve downloaded records and received great enjoyment from them. One example is just last week I downloaded this amazing Alice Coltrane cassette tape from the Root Strata Blog (one of my favourite places online), and for days I was listening to it at dawn as the sun rose. It was one of my favourite musical experiences. So I don’t think that it is necessarily the material aspect of listening to the music that makes a difference - it is more about carving out a space that is proper to the music.

I think that vinyl will always be around, simply because it is a beautiful medium. It makes sense (in the fullest meaning of the word - it is something that you can experience with all of your senses. Shit - you could even taste it.)

Do you enjoy doing interviews? Or do you just accept them as being a good way for your music to reach more people? Or neither..?

Ha. Sometimes! It very much depends on the questions. I don’t really do that many compared to other musicians, so it’s no skin, you know? I like having a good discussion. Sometimes it is a drag if it is just the same old questions, like people asking about the band name all the time. I think it’s ridiculous for someone to think another person knows anything about life just because they know how to put a few notes together, which is why I often give ridiculous answers in interviews. I don’t know anything, you know? In that way, I will defer to the infamous quote by Robert Anton Wilson: “If you think you know what the hell is going on, you’re probably full of shit.”

Give us one record that is floating your boat right now.

Well, currently, that Alice Coltrane record I mentioned above has been floating the hell out of my boat. I have to say that my most played records of 2010 were Wooden Wand’s *Death Seat* and Donovan Quinn & The 13th Month’s *Your Wicked Man* - two records swimming directly against the flow of popular culture with lyrics that actually mean something.

Can you see an end to your prolific output?

I can’t see an end to me ever making music, not until those pearly gates need a shining. Not only is it all I know how to do, but it is also all I want to do.

When it comes to output, I guess that depends on how taxing on the soul it becomes. If it gets to the point where you can only listen to music as a free giveaway with a full tank of gas, or by signing up of for a year of cell phone time, then yeah. But I think that there will always be some undercurrent that flows beneath ground. And there will always be live music.

But who knows? I can’t predict the future. Maybe next year I’ll give it all up and move to the Arctic with a poncho and drink J&B all day playing computer chess, learn to fly a helicopter and change my name to MacReady. Anything is possible.

sixorgans.com



FILMREEL.

DISOWNING YOUR OWN.

Not long ago, in philosophical conversation with a certain someone, I asked: “Would you ever disown your child?” To which she replied, “Only if he killed somebody...” My response to that was immediate and unequivocal: “Well, I wouldn’t. My child could commit the worse imaginable crimes. I would still go and visit him in prison. He would always be my son.”

Whilst drawing a comparison between your offspring and your cinematic output could be ‘pushing it’ in many people’s books, I certainly find them to have a great deal in common. Like with your children, you conceive your films, guide them according to your skills and values, make sure they are strong enough and finally set them free into a world which you hope will appreciate them. This is how it goes for those with true vocation. But although the greatest filmmaking always comes from an initial spark of individual vision, making films can be something altogether different. It often involves a whole set of invariably conflicting circumstances. What you end up with is always the result of what managed to prevail in the process.

Cinema history is cluttered with examples of films which were, one way or another, disowned by their directors. Up until 2000, members of the Directors Guild of America could resort to the pseudonym of Alan Smithee when they were dissatisfied with the final result of a given film and could prove to a panel that their creative control could not be exercised. But the greater your reputation, the harder it becomes to completely discard previous work, particularly when even the most obscure references can be tracked down through the internet.

For someone like David Lynch, with such a distinctive approach to his craft, it was always going to be difficult to get rid of **Dune**, ‘his’ 1984 adaptation of Frank Herbert’s classic sci-fi novel. But although the film has managed to attain practically the same cult status as its literary source, I can completely understand Lynch’s view that he failed in his duties as a director. It is, at times, a tremendously atmospheric film and way above average, but I do agree that it is his weakest. In other words, I cherish the memory of the impact of watching it on the big screen at the age of nine, but coming across a cheap DVD edition of the film credited to Alan Smithee at a more mature age was no great surprise.

I’ve come to realise that the name that most recurs in my Filmreel prose is that of Ingmar Bergman. It should be no surprise. This towering figure has become part of Cinema’s lexicon and will continue to influence filmmakers for generations to come. In his filmography, you find works that display the most impressive and immaculate employment of cinematic techniques, but even such prestigious output has had its stains.

The first of his that I have thought to lack the depth and precision that he accustomed us to was **The Serpent’s Egg** (1977), which starred the late David Carradine and is often incorrectly labelled as Bergman’s first English-language film. Whilst the uneven narrative unfolds within familiar Kafkaian territory, everything else is punctuated with awkward touches and mediocre choices. The sense of betrayal that I experienced when watching it still prevents me from formulating much more of an opinion. Bergman had let me down and from that point onwards, anything was possible.

Through the years, I retained a sordid interest in watching his less available and actual first English-language film, **The Touch** (1971). Although not actively seeking it, my interest in the film grew steadily and it was ignited more recently when Stig Björkman - who, back in the day, had made a behind-the-scenes documentary of it told us (at the latest Sheffield Doc/Fest) the lengths to which Bergman went to prohibit the film to be seen. I have finally become properly acquainted with the film. Although everything that Bergman himself stated in terms of his embarrassment had to be informing my viewing - even if subconsciously - I tried my best to take it for what it is and appreciate it.

The straightforward narrative revolves around the adulterous relationship between a seemingly happy housewife and an archaeologist who befriends her husband. All ingredients that Bergman would’ve treated masterfully from both a formal and psychological perspectives. But the film fails. Disastrously. Every single scene lacks conviction. It’s almost as if the director lost interest way before shouting ‘cut’. To his own admission, in his diary entries of the time, Bergman confessed that he was uneasy with the project as early as when he completed the script.

Language is a main problem, but it provides the key to one of the film’s only redeeming qualities - the way in which it dares to comment on itself. As the two characters are about to embark on their affair, the woman (played by the magnificent Bibi Andersson) expresses how difficult it is “to talk about such things in another language” - clearly speaking for Bergman in that respect. The second comment, which highlights Bergman’s frustration with the material comes from the couple’s young boy, when, straight after an intimate scene between his mother and her lover, we have his father asking, “Did you enjoy the film?” and him answering, “No. Too much hugging and kissing.”

Bergman has always raised his material above vulgarity by having his characters pondering their circumstances in ways which highlight the human condition in a broader sense. The banality of this piece does not allow for such greater explorations, although it was defended at the time of its release by its lead actress. It is also endearing to know that Elliot Gould (who plays the lover) continues to take his scratched print to special screenings at various American Universities, answering Q&A sessions with marvellous anecdotes about the great director.

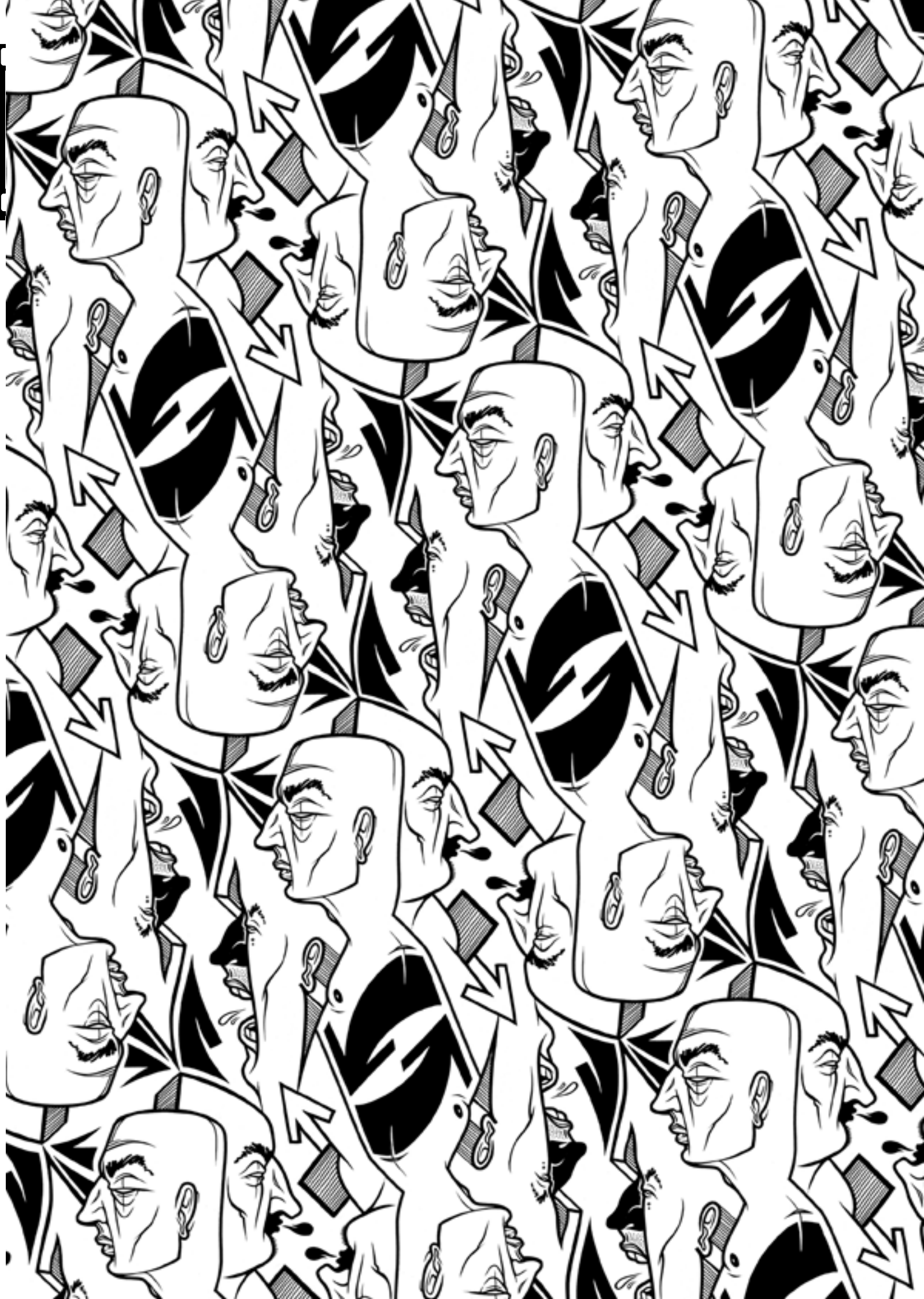
To this date, I’m yet to disown one of my films. I can’t say it will never happen. I can only hope I wouldn’t have to. Perhaps, the closest I ever came to that was seven years ago, when I could hardly look back at the finished result of the highly problematic production of a feature film I wrote and directed (and which, coincidentally, also touches upon the theme of infidelity). It was certainly disowned by the majority of those involved in making it, most likely due to the wrong expectations placed on the project which, in turn, remains my most conventional. But from a more personal, artistic point of view, the tension that lingered had to do with the eternal dichotomy between ‘commercial product’ and ‘work of art’, something that Bergman has often elaborated upon and was most cynical about when he made *The Touch*.

It could be said that my film was eventually revived by a surge of interest on the part of Sky TV, which purchased its worldwide rights and subsequently aired it four times. I eventually resolved my mixed feelings about the film, acknowledging to myself that “I must’ve done something right...”

It was certainly the result of what managed to prevail in a process riddled with conflicting circumstances, but it had been set free into a world which apparently could appreciate it, and I cherish it now as much as any of my other ‘cinematic children’.

JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES IS A PORTUGUESE FILMMAKER LIVING AND WORKING INDEPENDENTLY IN SHEFFIELD. HIS WORKS INCLUDE ANTLERS OF REASON AND AN ARRAY OF MUSIC VIDEOS AND DOCUMENTARIES.

**capturafilmes.blogspot.com
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0114 2413040
and Record Collector

www.the-plug.com



THE RISING SUN.
471 FULWOOD RD.
0114 230 3855.

Now Then has had the privilege of working with the wonderful Abbeydale Brewery for some time now, having been met with open arms when we first talked of championing the cause of independent ale here in Sheffield. Following our feature on the brewery itself (NT#29), we thought it apt that we should let you good folks know a little more about a great place to sample their wares.

The Rising Sun can be found next to the small Tesco (seethe) in Nether Green and is the epitome of a 'proper pub'. When walking through the entrance, there is an immediate feel of class and distinction, not unlike that of a country manor or stately home, with huge windows and a roaring fire (complete with sleepy dog). This is perhaps not too surprising, when you consider there has been a Rising Sun on this plot of land since 1849, with the current building having seen over a century's worth of ale appreciators grace its stools.

The next and possibly most striking thing is the bar itself. Without an inch wasted, the Rising Sun hosts an amazing thirteen hand-pulled real ales, of which five are permanent Abbeydale mainstays and seven are constantly rotating guest ales from other independent cask ale brewers with whom they 'swap' their ales.

This attitude towards sharing also carries an environmental benefit in that rather than sending back empty casks to one brewer to be refilled, they send full casks of their own ales and vice-versa. Smart thinking indeed, and having set out with an initial aim to swap 25% of their ales, landlord Rob and his team are now swapping 99.9% of every guest ale they host, an approach we would love to see taken up by more of those in the trade.

As well as the bevy of ales on offer, there are also nine lagers and fruit beers available to suit all tastes and, with Rob's determination not to let the VAT hit you where it hurts, a range to suit all pockets too. Hop on a number 40 or 120 bus from town and see what we're harping on about.

Oh, and finally - watch this space for upcoming info on what is probably the best beer festival in the world.

PEACE IN THE PARK.
SATURDAY 4TH JUNE.
PONDEROSA PARK.

Peace in the Park festival is a yearly event that is a must for all people living or visiting the land of Sheffield on Saturday June 4th this year. The festival dedicates all proceeds to one international charity and one local charity, which change each year and are determined by the volunteers. It is not funded by huge corporations and will not feature a Guns N' Roses reunion performance. It is hosted by a very hardworking group of Sheffield volunteers, who each year combine their various powers, skills, contacts and spare time to produce this utterly fantastic one-day bash.

Peace in the Park aims to promote peace and solidarity by bringing communities together through artistic, musical and vocal expression. There will be scores of live music acts over three stages, loads of local craft and food stalls and thousands of people in attendance - all for free.

This year's festival will be held at Ponderosa Park. If you would like to get involved - and you definitely should - you can help out in a variety of ways, be it as a performing musician or a helping hand. You could be a steward, you could collect litter, you could help raise money or you could help run a stall. You could even work a few hours behind the bar. Most of all, you can help by telling everyone you know that you will be attending and taking part in much of what makes Sheffield such a wonderful place to live.

If you are of a mind to help out, Peace in the Park hold regular open meetings on the first Tuesday and last Wednesday of each month at the Highfield Library on London Road. It is a community organisation staffed by often hugely overworked volunteers, so we're sure that any additional faces and hands will be greeted warmly.

This year will be the seventh annual Peace in the Park, and it will be staged with money raised through events put on by the good folk of Sheffield in the run-up to summer. If you would like to organise an event, get in touch via contact@peaceinthepark.org.uk. Your help will be sincerely appreciated.

Next Peace in the Park Fundraiser:
Thirsty Ear at the Harley - 5th February.

Contact Details:
stewards@peaceinthepark.org.uk
stalls@peaceinthepark.org.uk
web.peaceinthepark.org.uk
Facebook - Search for 'Peace in the Park'

FAVOURITES.
OUR PICK OF THE BUNCH.

DAVID HARE SEASON.
SHEFFIELD THEATRES.
3RD FEBRUARY - 5TH MARCH.
SHEFFIELDTHEATRES.CO.UK

Billed as the theatres' most ambitious project to date, we can certainly see why. Three plays across three theatres in conjunction with films at the Showroom Cinema, as well as talks, workshops and readings, one from the man himself. We're getting giddy just thinking about it. David Hare is one of Britain's most important post-war playwrights and has turned his critical eye to everything from British society to why the Guardian sticks to a star-rating system for its arts reviews.

The plays performed will be Plenty, Racing Demon, and The Breath of Life. There's a whopping 25% discount available for booking to see all three. The events in this programme are too numerous to list in full - check them out online, but be sure not to miss David Hare reading his own play, Via Dolorosa, at the Crucible on 18th February.

ANDY WILLISHER.
A MONTH OF SUNDAYS, SHARROWVALE RD.
12TH FEB - 11TH MARCH.
THEREALMCKEE.CO.UK/AMONTHOFSUNDAYS

We have not shouted from the rooftops quite as much as we should have upon the arrival of Sheffield's latest bastion of the arts, A Month of Sundays. Pete Mckee's new gallery is in the cushioned heart of Sharrow Vale Road, so consider this our first new year's post. Get yourselves through that door and witness some rather unique and, this month in particular, nostalgic sights.

To kick off 2011, Pete has announced an exhibition from award-winning photographer Andy Willissher, who is celebrating 20 years as a music photographer. Over the years, he has brought the likes of Iggy Pop, Damon Albarn and Radiohead, as well as local music celebs like Richard Hawley and the Arctic Monkeys, to us in black and white format. Get down there and take a peak.

NOW THEN.
BRAND SPANKING NEW WEBSITE (THAT YOU SHOULD ALL VISIT WITHOUT HESITATION).
NOWTHENMAGAZINE.COM

"About time!" I hear you cry. It is. But we wanted to do it properly, rather than rush out a site that has the functionality of a chalk board and the visual appeal of a MySpace profile. The new Now Then site is quite the opposite, due for the most part to hard graft from Michael Auty at Madewithpixels. Without his Wordpress expertise and all-round enthusiasm, it would have been a much harder task to get this mother online. Anyway, take a glance when you get a free minute and send us your feedback. It is working nicely, but we wouldn't be arrogant enough to assume it can't be improved.

SYD AND MALLORY'S.
FORUM SHOPS.
SYDANDMALLORY.COM

Syd & Mallory's sum up in one sentence what can be ace about fashion and we just wish that they were in charge of the whole industry: "We want each item to be individual and something you don't see all over the place...something a bit special and unique."

Now Then is great friends with owners Kirsteen and Lucee and we are ecstatic to announce that the ladies are going from strength to strength, having just opened their bigger, bolder new premises in the Forum Shops, resplendent with wall art from Now Then favourite Tom J Newell. To celebrate this mega transition, the duo organised what was set to be a civilised fashion show. But testament to how well liked and appreciated they are, the place was swamped, signalling the dawning of a new era for Syd & Mallory, and all who sail in her. We wish them every success.

SHOWROOM CINEMA.
7 PATERNOSTER ROW.
0114 275 7727.
SHOWROOMWORKSTATION.ORG.UK

The Showroom is a fully-fledged Sheffield institution and a veritable beacon of light and independence on an ever-more corporate landscape. It offers a rare and welcome opportunity to see some incredible films that major distributors feel have too few explosions or CGI monsters to be economically viable. Thank God. This month's highlights are Biutiful, starring the inimitable Javier Bardem, and Licking Hitler, as they team up with another cultural leviathan in the form of Sheffield Theatres as part of their David Hare Season.

As well as being a purveyor of fine film, the Showroom is a great meeting place with a function room for events or celebrations and a lovely bar, serving high-quality food and drink for before and after your film. There is always something going on, from internationally renowned festivals to private screenings, so we really can't recommend a visit highly enough.

THE SCIENCE OF COCKTAILS.
UNIVERSITY HOUSE.
4TH MARCH, 8-10PM. £15.
EVENTS@SCIENCEBRAINWAVES.COM

Late last year, we let you know about the Weird Physics lecture hosted by Science Brainwaves - a great success, we might note. Well, coming up next month is The Science of Cocktails, a two-hour event exploring the intricacies of mixing the best alcoholic beverages. Learn the ins and outs with chemist Noel Jackson, Head of Education and resident mixologist at Newcastle's Centre for Life, as he guides you through whiskey tasting, the distillation process and the science of hangovers. There will be practical advice about how to make the best screwdriver, as well as the dos and don'ts of the glorious Irish coffee. Not one to miss if you are interested in the technical side of tipling.

The David Hare Season



Racing Demon

Thu 10 February – Sat 5 March

Sheffield Theatres' Artistic Director Daniel Evans directs this Olivier Award-winning play



END.
YOU HEARD.



Plenty

Thu 3 February –
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Thea Sharrock directs
this powerful and
momentous comment on
post-war England.

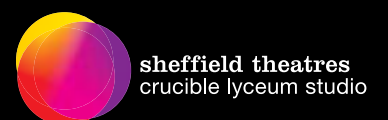


The Breath Of Life

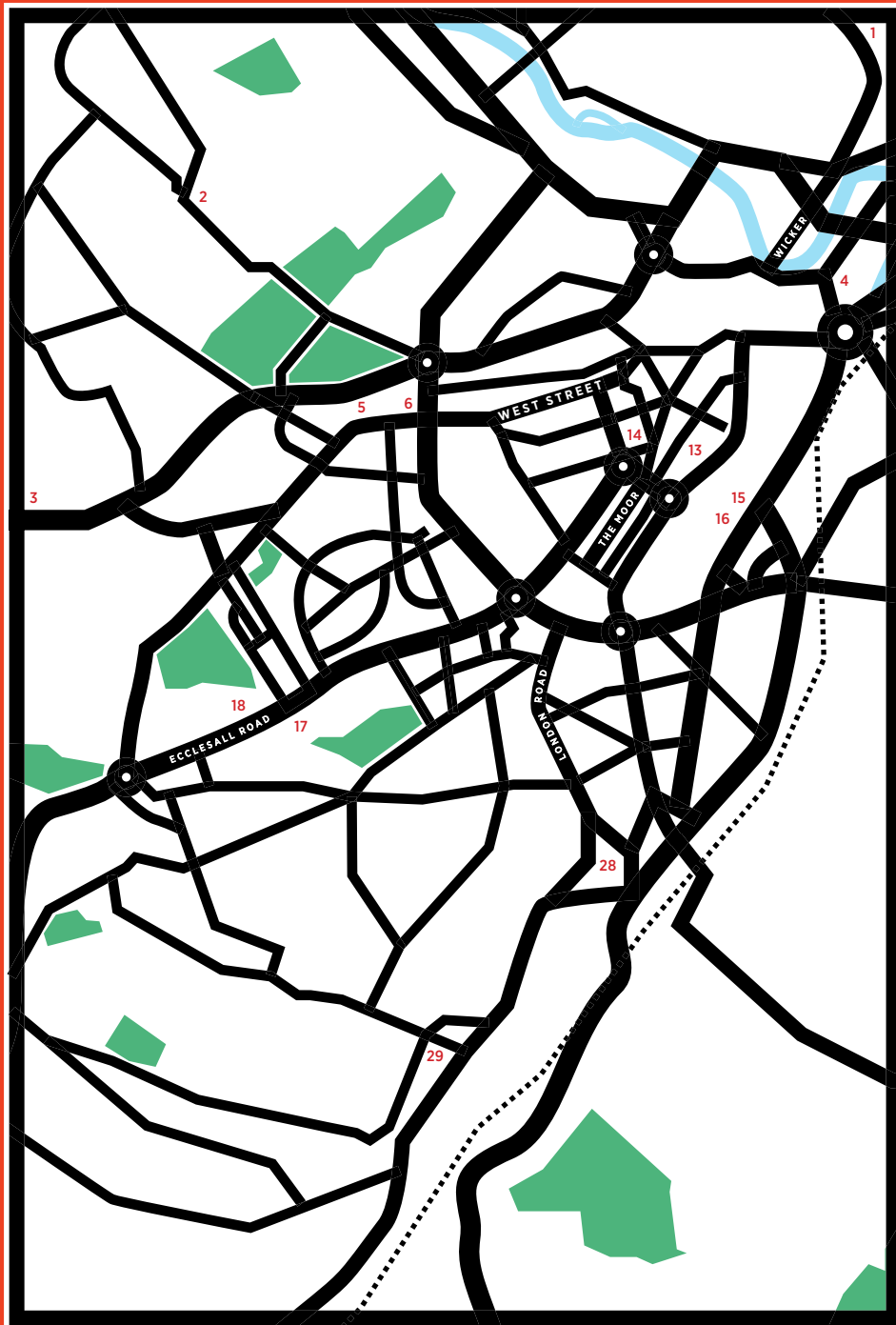
Wed 16 February –
Sat 26 February

Peter Gill directs
Isla Blair and
Patricia Hodge in
this witty, brutal and
poignant play.

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sheffieldtheatres.co.uk



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6. THE HARLEY
7. REAL TIME MUSIC
8. RARE AND RACY
9. FORUM BAR /FORUM SHOPS
10. DQ
11. CORPORATION
12. PLUG
13. SHEFFIELD THEATRES
14. MERCURY CABS
15. THE SHOWROOM
16. THE RUTLAND ARMS

ECCLESALL ROAD

17. KUJI
18. COCOA
19. MISH MASH

SHARROW VALE ROAD

20. OTTOS RESTAURANT
21. RONEYS
22. SHARROW MARROW
23. PORTER BOOKS

LONDON ROAD

24. SMART VENUE COFFEE
25. THE OLD CROWN
26. INK XPRESS
27. CAFE EURO/ART IN THE PARK
28. ABBEYDALE BREWERY

NETHEREDGE

29. THE OLD SWEET SHOP

